

U. S. TROOPS DRIVE OFF HUN AIRMEN

ago, made a score of 287 out of a possible 300, in firing on the rifle range at Port Royal, and was the second-highest man in the company. Before entering the marine corps, Nolan had been employed as a railroad detective. He is twenty years old.

T. F. BUGGS
Authorized Ford Dealer. Branch at Milton Junction, Wis.

The Janesville Daily Gazette

New Building. 200-204 East Milwaukee St.
Entered at the Postoffice at Janesville, Wisconsin, as Second-class Mail Matter.
MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS.
BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

He wears no medal on his vest,
No lettered bronze adorns his chest,
He makes no grand stand aid for fame,
The hero stands in his own game.
But he has faced the stress of life
And smiled through tears and pain and strife.
While war has put him on the skirts,
He's fed a wife and seven kids
And clothed and housed his growing brood
And never made a comment rude.
He goes his humble, helpful way
And spends his salary each day.
The war-mad throng won't shout his name,
But he's a hero just the same.

—Roy Moulton.

Some years ago Andrew Carnegie introduced a hero medal campaign, and once a year he published a list of prize winners—men and women, who through acts of unusual courage and heroism he was glad to recognize and reward with substantial gifts of money.

These annual reports were interesting reading before the war, but today heroism is so common that the columns of the press are crowded with incidents more thrilling than a romance, while the un-written stories are so numerous that they would fill volumes. We are living in an heroic age, where heroism is the rule and not the exception.

The men who stand out prominently in the hero class today, are the boys who have taken their lives in their hands and gone to the front. The nation honors them, and we stand with uncovered heads as they march down the street; but back of every boy is a mother, and back of every husband a wife, neither attracting any attention, yet whose tear-dimmed eyes tell the story of suffering and sacrifice.

A Rock county mother, who spent Christmas with her boy in a Southern training camp, came home the other day with a picture of the big caisson. It contained hundreds of tents and houses and an army of faces of boys in uniform, which looked very much alike. With a feeling of pride, she said: "There's my boy, John, and there's his tent. God keep him and send him back to me." That's the mother, brave-hearted and heroic, and their number is myriad.

War has always been a great producer of heroes, and song and story have long been devoted to fallen victims. The world's war, now in progress, is replete with this kind of history, and thousands of unwritten stories would fill many volumes. History is making so fast that the individual is often overlooked.

The heroism which attracts attention is frequently prompted by impulse. The man who jumps over the side of a vessel to rescue a drowning man, spends no time in thinking about it. He simply goes to the rescue of a life in danger, not for glory, but for love of humanity, and because he recognizes the sacredness of human life.

A German submarine was disabled, not long ago, and as she disappeared from sight a man was seen struggling in the water near where she went down. Two sailors dived from the deck of an American destroyer close by, and saved the man from drowning. He was not a friend, but an emissary of the enemies' country, engaged in a most dastardly work of destruction, but he was a brother man, and in his dire extremity his enemies forgot their enmity and saved him.

They had returned to the trenches. An English officer was missing. Someone had seen him fall. Learning of the spot, his brother, also a member of the company, begged the privilege to attempt to find and bring him in. The permission was granted. The brother crept out into No Man's Land as best he could. He found him lying at the bottom of a shell hole. He managed to lift him out, and finally bore him back within the lines. But when he laid him down the life had fled. "Are you not sorry now," said the commanding officer, "that you ventured all this?" "No," was the reply, "because when I looked down into that shell hole I looked up into my face and smiled, and said, 'I knew you would come.'"

That's heroism prompted by love, such as a mother has for her child.

Heroism, after all, is a common virtue. Startling deeds are heralded far and wide, but it is as natural to be heroic as it is to be honest, and the great majority of people are honest. The child, crippled by disease or deformity, faces life handicapped, but rarely with complaint. Watching other children in their play, and longing to take part, yet submitting to helplessness without a murmur, often requires more heroism than the battlefield demands.

There are millions of brave women today, struggling against poverty and sorrow to keep the home together for the little group of fatherless children. Heroic women of the highest type. They may never wear a medal, and their names may never be known, but they belong to God's elect, and when gathered home, should find a place hard by the throne.

The intelligent dog with a crushed foot skulks away and hides himself in an obscure corner, seeking neither pity nor sympathy. His mind may be limited, but something teaches him to hide his suffering, and that something belongs to the realm of the heroic. Some of us could study the characteristics of the dog to good advantage.

There is a line of an old hymn which expresses this sentiment as well as words can express it. It reads:

"To bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share."

The dog adopts this principle, and many people are equally considerate, while others seem to delight in airing their grievances. These people really "enjoy poor health." They are walking encyclopedias on symptoms of disease, and if fortunate enough to carry the seal of a surgeon's knife, they prize it more than they would a Carnegie medal, and their hospital experience is always a fruitful topic of conversation.

The average mortal is equipped with a body created to endure the test of service through to the end of allotted time, and, barring accident and suicidal abuse, this equipment usually stands the strain. The aches and pains and nervous worries, incident to the journey, are never pleasant experiences, but they are seldom worth rehearsing for the benefit of an audience, and yet next to the weather, we seem to enjoy discussing them.

The chronic invalid is usually possessed of a good imagination. Any thing lacking in the long list of diseases, is cultivated so persistently that the mind supplies the symptoms and satisfaction results. Lots of people think they have heart disease, when their only trouble is an overloaded stomach. These people usually live to good old age and then die from dry rot and inactivity.

The trouble with too many of us is that we go through life with diseased minds. We cultivate the habit of worry until it possesses us, and when the sensitive nerves communicate with our digestive organs, dyspepsia develops, and we become full-fledged pessimists, without an effort. When this happens we live on the dark side of life until we become abnormal.

What is true concerning health and disease is equally true concerning sorrow and bereavement. Death always means separation. Not the "good-bye" of the journey, with the hope and anticipation of safe return, but the last "good-bye" of the long sleep, which knows no awakening to old associations. Yet these sad experiences are a part of life and as natural as any other part of it.

When they come to us we often rebel and the feeling possesses us that no other home was ever so sadly afflicted. It might help us to remember that every minute in every hour of every day records the visit of the silent messenger, and that in many cases the visit is a tragedy which words can but poorly portray.

While it may not be our lot to display our heroism in any spectacular way, there is no lack of opportunity to express it in the every

day walks of life. Every man and woman a hero, meeting the problems of every day experience with courage and fortitude, with a helpful hand outstretched to humanity, means a better world to live in. Shall we be heroes?

Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest.

THE UNPRAISED HEROES.

Success is not alone in fame,
Nor riches nor a distant goal;
The world has never learned the name
Of many a fine and splendid soul.

Strong heroes pass from day to day
Unnoticed, unidentified,
Because they tell that no one may
Discover how their souls are tried.

Calmly they stand to every test,
Bravely their bitter tasks they meet,
And silently they give their best,
Unchanged by victory or defeat.

For duty done they ask no praise,
Unnoticed they bear their own distress;
Yet in their quiet, patient ways,
These unsung heroes reach success.

ON THE SPUR of the MOMENT

BY E. MOULTON

A FOODILOQUY.

To eat or not to eat. That is the question.
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The pangs of an almost insatiable hunger
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
Outrageous prices, discourteous tradesmen,
Or is it best to starve and never know them,
To get along on grits and cornmeal cutlets
Or to go and live with the wife's folks.
This is perhaps the question of the hour.
A consummation devoutly to be wished.

—W. SHAKE.

This seems to be the closed season on Mexican generals.
Haven't heard of one being shot for three months.

The first spring robin was seen our way the other night.
A culprit broke into the grocery store but got away with his long two pounds of butter and a side of bacon.

A man blew into Burnips Corners, Mich., the other day with a twenty dollar bill, which he displayed conspicuously.

The constable is keeping an eye on the man as he believes there must be a reward out for him.
Those twenties certainly are scarce these days.

Sometime the world breeds discontent
And keeps on getting scrapper.
Because of efforts which were meant
To make it vastly happier.

On account of the high price of gasoline a good many automobiles will be laid up next summer.
Let us all join in singing: "Shall we Gather at the River?"

One of Railroad Director McAdoo's experts has found that it costs 61 cents to stop or start a train.
But it is frequently more expensive not to stop in time.

An Ohio man has added to the tribulations of the race and the horrors of war times by inventing an apparatus which enables a man to play a ukulele and a violin at the same time.

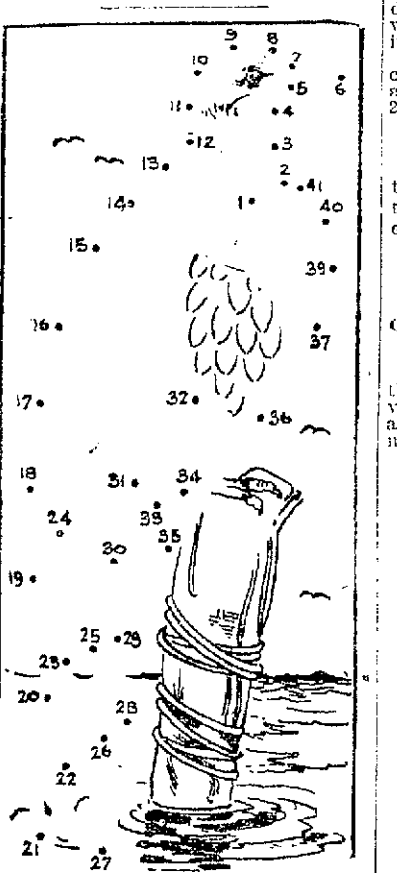
Houdini has a new act in which he makes a live elephant disappear.

Maybe he was the guy who put the G. O. P. out of business so mysteriously in 1916, just practicing.

IN THE DAYS OF FUSELESS COMEDY.

A very little while ago,
I wrote a comic opy show.
I took it to a matinee,
And said: "Here is your opy, sir."
He looked it over with a squint
And then he handed back my print.
He said: "Twit! never get the money."
Because, you see, it's really funny.

The Newark Evening News contains the ad of "New Jersey Leading Colored Undertaker," from which we cull the following:
"Blest be the tie that binds,
Though Death my friends may shake
Then call me brother of my race
And let him undertake."



A tropic bird is somewhere near, Trace forty one and he'll appear.
(Draw from one to two and so on to the end.)

Celebrate Anniversary

Menasha, Wis., Feb. 16.—The 67th anniversary of the founding of this city will be celebrated next Sunday, when Rev. H. A. Niter, pastor of the church years ago, will be present to deliver an address.

CEMENT PRICES ARE TOO HIGH SAYS THE HIGHWAY COMMISSION

Madison, Wis., Feb. 16.—Cement contractors were dealt a blow by the Wisconsin Highway Commission, today. A. R. Hirst, State Highway Engineer, sent a letter to all counties, asking them to reject bids for furnishing cement on the ground that such prices are too high.

Following is a copy of a letter sent by the Highway Commission, charging cement contractors with being exorbitant:

February 14, 1918
Chairman, County State Road and Bridge Committee:
Dear Sir:

Relative to cement contracts. It was decided at a meeting of the Wisconsin Highway Commission, held on Wednesday, February 13, that in view of all economic conditions, the uncertainty as to the amount of work to be done, the high price of cement and of all other materials entering into concrete road construction, that the Commission would not approve any contracts for cement until further notice.

It appears to the Commission that the prices asked for cement in the bids submitted to the counties are unduly high, and show a lack of co-operation with public officials on the part of manufacturing companies, which must discontinue the construction of concrete roads and roads with concrete bases. We believe that the manufacturers of cement should be willing to share somewhat the manifold burdens of the consumer, and that the mill price fixed, which we are informed, is considerably above that paid by the federal government, which price was fixed by the government after a full investigation of costs, as a price showing a fair profit to the manufacturers) justifies us in refusing to approve contracts at the bid prices.

We would, therefore, recommend to your committee that all bids for cement received by your county committee be rejected, and that such work as we may find it possible to do, be contracted on the basis that the contractor furnish the cement, care being taken to place the cement in the proper mixture.

This is deviating from our previous practice in regard to cement, but the conditions are exceptional, and the market is in a very uncertain state, and we believe that the course suggested will be the most profitable one from the standpoint of the consuming public.

It may be added that manufacturers and producers of other materials entering into road construction are asking undue prices for their materials, and the Commission will likewise disapprove contracts for these materials where it appears that the prices are unduly exorbitant.

We are,
Yours very respectfully,
The Wisconsin Highway Commission,
By, State Highway Engineer.

REGULAR MEETING OF COMMISSION FRIDAY

Acceptance of the Report of the Board of Public Works on Pumping Station Addition Is Made.

Formal acceptance of the report of the board of public works on the letting of the contract for the building of the new addition to the city water pumping plant to Ford, Boos & School, local contracting firm, was made at the meeting of the commissioners held yesterday afternoon. The construction of the addition to house the new pump will involve an expenditure of \$7,037. The work on the construction will begin in a few days.

The appointment of inspectors, clerks and ballot clerks to work at the special election to be held on February 19 were appointed.

The bond of Julius Rogers was approved and he was given a license to deal in junk. The January report of the plumbing inspector was received and placed on file.

The application of William Boos to transfer his saloon to Edward Arthur and Edward Conners was received and the transfer allowed.

ONLY ONE OFFENDER IN COURT THIS MORNING

Alexander McCurvy was the lone offender in the municipal court this morning arraigned on the charge of drunkenness. He pleaded guilty and was fined \$5 and costs amounting to \$6 in all which he paid.

The case of Julius Rogers, who is charged with having purchased stolen goods, has been set over until February 25.

A Great Victory.

"Self-mastery is gained by little victories at a time, and every new victory gives us fresh strength for greater victories in the future."—Exchange.

DENTIFRICE FLOWS INTO BRUSH

Collapsible Tube Tucked Away in the Handle of the Tooth Cleanser

Nearly all the dentifrices now on the market are put up in the convenient form of collapsible tubes, and a recent innovation in tooth brushes makes use of the tube as a magazine



to be stowed away in the handle of the brush and as wanted the contents of the tube are delivered through the bristles of the brush in such quantities as may be desired. After the tube has been properly placed in the handle a pressure is brought to bear on it by means of a follow-up operated by twist of the handle.

DISCUSS THE MERITS OF CITY COMMISSION

(Continued from page two.)
of business are they going to engage in?

Foolish Reasons:
"We hear men say that they will vote against it because this is a dead town; that it is no good; that it is a rotten town; that there is no opportunity here for a young man. To hear these things about our wonderfully fine decent city makes me mad. It is a silly form of argument, nothing but bombast and prejudice. It has always been my experience that the man, who, says this is a rotten town, is never willing to do anything to advance it. When it comes to giving ten dollars to get a factory here, he can't do it; he can just knock!"

"I hear that there is extravagance and graft under the present form of government. I should like to know."

"Our city should be conducted on business principles similar to those applied to any other business. The aldermanic system is a relic of the past, which I thought we had discarded. Some people think that plain aldermen in the council should enter into it. A man should be elected for his qualifications and not because he is a Democrat or a Republican. All should be abolished. What we want, is plain, common sense in our city government."

Speaking of the old council, he told of the difficulty to secure a hearing when he had a claim present; how immediately after roll call, groups of aldermen would march out into little rooms and stay for two hours, and then come out and hold the session. "I don't know to this day, what went on in those little meetings. The upshot of it was that a man who had other side than the city, was put on until two weeks later, when his alderman told him he would try to get his claim through."

Salaries Sufficient
He went on to say that when he had consented to preside at the meeting, last night, that he really thought there would be some men from the other side there, to tell their reasons for the change. If it was for the welfare of the city, that they should have taken advantage of the opportunity to make known their reasons, and not stay away and leave the people in the dark. He dealt on the argument advanced, that good men for commissioners, could not be obtained for the low salaries paid. "I ask any man here, who thinks that \$2,500 is a negligible salary to raise his hand. It is more than nine-tenths of our lawyers make, and three-fourths of our doctors. The salaries paid are ample. It is hard to get good men to enter public life, and stand the knocks and criticisms of it. No alderman is absolutely fair at all times, they will be knocked and criticized by kickers."

Bridge Question
City Attorney Lange discussed the Milwaukee street bridge question, and told of the Supreme Court's decision. He stated that the question of further building over the river had not been decided, and that it had merely been decided to allow the present buildings to remain; that before anyone could build again, the case must be fought out in the courts. He said that before anyone can build there he must get a permit from the city commission. One such permit has already been refused. He said that a man might go ahead and build after getting a permit, and then the case would have to be decided by the supreme court.

Mr. Smith's address followed Mr. Lange, and then the meeting was adjourned.

Store Open Monday

Retail stores are now permitted to open and transact business Mondays and this store will be open next Monday.

R. M. Bostwick & Son

Main Street at Number Sixteen South.
Merchants of Fine Clothes.

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STATE PHYSICIANS WHO DISOBEY LAWS TO BE PROSECUTED

Madison, Wis., Feb. 16.—Physicians who make a wrong diagnosis and permit favored families to escape quarantine, although harboring cases of dangerous communicable disease, have frequently been reported this winter. Where evidence is obtainable, prosecutions will be brought under the state health laws, according to an official of the state health department.

"Words fail us," this official said, "in expressing our opinion of the physician who sacrifices his honor to save a family the slight inconvenience from quarantine by willfully making a wrong diagnosis of cases which he knows or even suspects to be quarantined. To make a false diagnosis is to willfully expose others who would not otherwise expose themselves, as well as to permit the patient himself in many instances to go about needlessly spreading infection."

A similar warning was addressed to those citizens who purposely evade quarantine imposed by the health officer.

"Don't think it is a joke on the quarantine officer," the official continued, "that the card on the front door doesn't keep you from slipping out at the back door and visiting your neighbors. It's not a joke at all. It is a dishonorable, dangerous thing to do, and may mean that you may soon use your front door or your neighbor's front door to follow a little one to the grave."

Will Built Ships
Green Bay, Wis., Feb. 16.—Shipbuilding on a large scale will be undertaken by the Northwest Engineering Works, Inc., in this city. Property has been acquired and six berths for ships will be installed.

Tells Experiences
Neenah, Wis., Feb. 16.—"I was knocked out. The first thing I knew I saw the moon. It seemed awful big and I thought I was getting closer to it. Then I thought of my eyes, but I had seen the moon and they were all right. Then I felt of my jaw and that was in place. I tried to walk and fell over. Then I knew where I was wounded."

This is the description given by Dr. T. D. Smith, of this city, in telling of his experiences several months ago, in a German air raid over a base hospital. Dr. Smith received a wound in the knee, which left him unfit for further military service.

Want to rent a house or flat? Look through the Classified lists and you may find what you want.

MADDEN & RAE

13 West Milwaukee Street
Janesville - Wisconsin

Open For Business Monday

We are glad to announce that this store will be open for business Monday as the Garfield Fuel Order has been suspended.

Special values will be offered throughout the store Monday and it will pay you to visit here.

The Golden Eagle

Levy's

Monday Closing Order Rescinded!

The National Food Administration has suspended its order on retail stores closing Mondays, consequently

This Store Will Be Open For Business Monday, Feb. 18

You will find many extra good bargains here now and quite a few special advance showings of Spring styles.

The National Food Administration has suspended its order on retail stores closing Mondays, consequently

This Store Will Be Open For Business Monday, Feb. 18

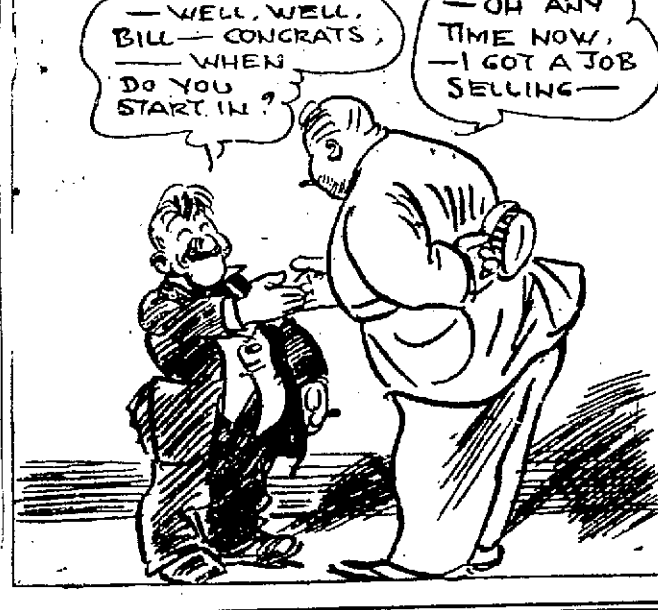
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This Store Will Be Open For Business Monday, Feb. 18

You will find many extra good bargains here now and quite a few special advance showings of Spring styles.

PETER—IN THE MEANTIME HE'LL LIVE OFF PETEY.



Long Live The King

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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The countess did not sleep. She was, with every fiber of her keen brain, summing her arguments. She would need them, for she knew—none better—how great a handicap was hers. She loved Karl, and he knew it. What had been her strength had become her weakness.

Yet she was composed enough when, before the sun was well up, the machine drew up in the village before the inn where Mettlich had spent his uneasy hours.

She had expected to go to the lodge, but at nine o'clock that night Karl came to her, knocking at the door of her room and entering without waiting for permission.

The room was small and cozy with firelight. The scarlet cloak, hung over a chair, made a dash of brilliant color. Two lighted candles on a high carved chest, and between them a plastic figure of the Mother and Child, a built-in bed with white curtains—that was the room.

Before the open fire Olga Loschek sat in her low chair. She wore still her dark dress, and a veil, ready to be changed at the summons of a messenger from Karl, trailed across her knee. In the firelight she looked very young—young and weary. Karl, who had come laden with a score, found her appealing, almost pathetic.

She rose at his entrance and, after a moment of surprise, smiled faintly. But she said nothing, nor did Karl, until he had lifted one of her cold hands, and brushed it with his lips.

"Well," he said, "and again, Olga."

"Once again."

She looked up at him. Yes, he was changed. The old Karl would have taken her in his arms. This new Karl was unkind, sniffling, uneasy.

"There is nothing wrong, is there?" she said. "Your note alarmed me. Not the note, but your coming here."

"I was anxious. And there were things I felt you should know."

"What things?"

"The truth about the king's condition, for one. He is dying. The bullet has hit him. He is no better."

"So," said Karl uneasily. "But the chancellor assured me—" He stopped. "It was not yet true to speak of the chancellor's visit."

"The chancellor! He lies, of course. How bad things are you may judge when I tell you that a hidden passage from the palace had been opened and cleared, ready for instant flight."

Heal Skin Diseases

It is unnecessary for you to suffer with eczema, blotches, ringworm, rashes and similar skin troubles. A little Zemo, obtained at any drug store for 35c, or \$1.00 for extra large bottle, and promptly applied will usually give instant relief from itching, burning, and redness. It cleanses and soothes the skin and heals quickly and effectively most skin diseases.

Zemo is a wonderful, penetrating, disinfecting liquid and is soothing to the most delicate skin. It is not greasy, is easily applied and costs little. Get it today and save all further distress.

The L. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

A RAW, SORE THROAT

Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Musteroil.

And Musteroil won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, lessens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain. Musteroil is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or limbs, frost-bites, colds on the chest. Nothing like Musteroil for croupy children. Keep it handy for instant use. 30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.



It was Karl's turn to be startled. He rose, and stood staring down at her. "Are you certain of that?"

"Certain!" She laughed bitterly. "The terrorists—revolutionists, they call themselves—are everywhere. They know everything, see everything. Mettlich's agents are disappearing out by one. No one knows where, but all suspect. Student meetings are prohibited. The vengeful procession of veterans is forbidden, for they trust none, even their old soldiers. The council meets day after day in secret session."

"But the army?"

"They do not trust the army."

Karl's face was grave. Something of the trouble in Livonia he had known. But this argued an immediate crisis.

"On the king's death," the countess said, "a republic will be declared. The republic of Livonia! The crown prince will never reign!"

"So you came today to tell me this?" She glanced up, and catching his eyes, colored faintly. "These are things you should know."

He knew her very well. A jealous woman would go far. He knew now that she was jealous. When he spoke it was with calculating brutality. "You mean, in view of my impending marriage?"

So it was arranged! Finally arranged. Well, she had done her best. He knew the truth. She had told it fairly. If, knowing it, he persisted, it would be because her power over him was dead at last.

"Yes, I do not know how far your arrangements have gone. You have at least been warned."

But she saw, by the very way he drew himself up and smiled, that he was not.

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Bitterly, and with reckless passion, she flung at him Hedwig's infatuation for young Larisch, and prophesied his dishonor as a result of it.

In the end she grew quiet and sat looking into the fire with eyes full of stony despair. She had tried and failed. There was one way left, only one, and even that would not bring him back to her. Let Hedwig escape and marry Nikky Larisch—still where was she? Let the terrorists strike their blow and steal the crown prince. Again—where was she?

Her emotions were deadened, all save one, and that was her hatred of Hedwig. The humiliation of that moment was due to her. Somewhere, some day, she would be even with Hedwig. Karl left her there at last huddled in her chair, left full of resentment, the ashes of his old love cold and gray.

There was little reminder of the girl of the mountains in the story-eyed woman he had left slumped low by the fire.

Once out in the open air, the king of Kurnia drew a long breath. The affair was over. It had been unpleasant. It was always unpleasant to break with a woman. But it was time. He neither loved her nor needed her. Friendly relations between the two countries were established, and soon, very soon, would be ratified by his marriage.

It was not of Olga Loschek, but of Hedwig that he thought, as his car climbed swiftly to the lodge.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Crown Prince's Pilgrimage. The day when Olga Loschek should have returned to the city found her too ill to travel. No feigned sickness this, but real enough, a matter of fever and burning eyes, and of mutterings in troubled sleep.

Minna was alarmed. She was fond of her mistress, in spite of her occasional cruelties, and lately the countess had been strangely gentle. She required little attention, wished to be alone, and lay in her great bed, looking out steadily at the bleak mountain tops, to which spring never climbed.

"She eats nothing," Minna said despairingly to the caretaker. "And her eyes frighten me. They are always open, even in the night, but they seem to see nothing."

On the day when she should have returned, the countess roused herself enough to send for Black Humbert, (settling in the kitchen below. He had believed that she was unwell, until he saw her, but her flushed and hollow cheeks showed her condition.

"You must return and explain," she said. "I shall need more time, after all."

When he hesitated, she added: "There are plenty to watch that I do not escape. I could not, if I would. I have not the strength."

"If madame wishes, I can take a letter."

She pondered over that, interlacing her fingers nervously as she reflected. "I will send no letter," she decided. "but I will give you a message, which you can deliver."

"Yes, madame."

"Say to the committee that I have reflected and that I will do what they ask. As far as I am able, I will try to do it. I can only try."

"That is all the committee expects," he said civilly, and with a relief that was not lost on her. "With madame's intelligence, to try is to succeed."

Nevertheless, he left her, well guarded. Even Minna, slipping off for an evening hour with a village sweetheart, was stealthily shadowed. Before this, fine ladies had changed garments with their maids and escaped from divers unpleasantnesses.

At the end of two days the countess was able to be up. She moved languidly about her room, still too weak to plan.

And on the fourth day came the

crown prince or Livonia on a pilgrimage.

The manner of his coming was this: There are more ways than one of reaching the hearts of an uneasy people. Remission of taxes is a bad one. It argues a mistake in the past, in exacting such tithes. Governments may make errors, but must not acknowledge them. There is the freeing of political prisoners, but that, too, is dangerous, when such prisoners breathe sedition to the very prison walls.

And there is the appeal to sentiment. The government, planning all its hopes to one small boy, would further endear him to the people. Willy statesman that he was, the chancellor had hit on this to offset the rumors of Hedwig's marriage.

"A pilgrimage!" said the king, when the matter was broached to him. "For what? My recovery? Cannot you let your servant depart in peace?"

"Pilgrimages," observed the chancellor, "have had marvelous results, sire. I do not insist that they perform miracles, as some believe,"—he smiled faintly—"but as a matter of public feeling and a remedy for discord, they are sometimes efficacious."

"I see," said the king. And lay still, looking at the ceiling.

"Can it be done safely?" he asked at last.

"The maddest traitor would not threaten the crown prince on a pilgrimage. The people would tear him limb from limb."

"Nevertheless, I should take all precautions," said the king. "A madman might not recognize the—er—religious nature of the affair."

The same day the chancellor visited Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and found him returned from his drive and busy over Hedwig's photograph.

"It is almost done," he said. "I slipped over in one or two places, but it is not very noticeable, is it?"

The chancellor observed it judiciously, and decided that the slipping over was not noticeable at all.

"Otto," said the chancellor gravely, "I want to talk to you very seriously about something I would like you to do. For your grandfather."

"I'll do anything for him, sir."

"We know that. This is the point. He has been ill for a long time. Very ill."

"The boy watched him with a troubled face. 'He looks very thin,' he said. 'I get quite worried when I see him.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Without Oil. A tactless man is, in the running of his affairs, like an engineer who runs his locomotive without oil, whether it is through ignorance or just to show what can be done. Both men come to grief before they have gone very far.

Dinner Stories

An old colored man charged with stealing chickens was arranged in court and was incriminating himself when the judge said:

"You ought to have a lawyer. Where's your lawyer?"

"Ah, ah! got no lawyer, judge," said the old man.

"Very well, then," said the honor.

"I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh, no, sah; no, sah. Please don't do dat," the darky begged.

"Why not?" asked the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, judge, Ah'll tell you sah," said the old man, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's this way. Ah wain'tah enjoy dem chickens mahself."

Sales of the Friendly Forest

The day after Billy Bunny said good-bye to the little cricket who had given him a lovely lemon pie to put in his knapsack, he came across the old brown horse whom he had sold to the gypsies for \$3. And how the old brown horse laughed when he saw the little rabbit. And then he told Billy Bunny that the gypsies had sold him for \$30 to a man who had a nice rubber-tired wagon and wanted some body to pull it for him. "And as soon as he saw me," said the old Brown Horse, "he paid his money and took me home with him—and, well, here I am."

"Where's the rubber-tired wagon?" asked Billy Bunny, looking around a bush, and behind a stone. I guess he wanted a ride, so that was the reason he asked about the wagon, you see.

"In the barn," said the old Brown Horse. "Do you want to go for a drive?" Well, of course he did! I never knew a little boy bunny or a little girl bunny who didn't. And with a nice, kind old brown horse, too. Well, I should say so, and yes, sir, and yes, ma'am!

"Come with me," said the brown horse and pretty soon they came to the barn and he put on his harness just the way you put on your collar and jacket, and got between the shafts; but he couldn't fasten the traces, because he couldn't turn

around after getting in between the shafts, you see, so Billy Bunny leaned over the dashboard and fixed them, and then he picked up the reins and said, "Giddy up!" and the old brown horse threw up his tail and one of his heels and away he went down the road just as nicely as you please.

"Do you mind if I take my mother and of course the old brown horse didn't, so Billy Bunny drove up to the old briar patch and pretty soon Mrs. Bunny had her best bonnet tied under her chin. I mean the bonnet strings, and her black silk mitts on her front paws and her gold locket around her neck with Billy Bunny's father's picture inside, and off they started. And wasn't Mrs. Bunny proud of the way her little boy knew how to drive!

Well, I guess she was, and the old brown horse looked as if he were worth more than \$30 the way he held up his head and tail and threw out his hind feet.

Except just then the man who had paid the \$30 for the old brown horse came along. Oh, dear me! How he did yell "Stop thief!" And, of course, the old horse stopped. He didn't want Billy Bunny to be called a thief, you know, because he wasn't. And when the old man was told that he brown horse was just taking them out for a drive, he didn't care a bit, but told him to be sure to get back to the sta-

ble in time for his supper of oats and hay. And if he doesn't I'll let you know in the next story.

CLINTON NEWS

Clinton, Feb. 15.—Harold Blum and mother, Mrs. Sarah Bruce, went to Madison today, where Harold will take a post graduate course at the university.

Mrs. Jack Halmer and Mrs. O'Connell and son Robert, left for Madison on Thursday to visit their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Terwilliger, until Saturday.

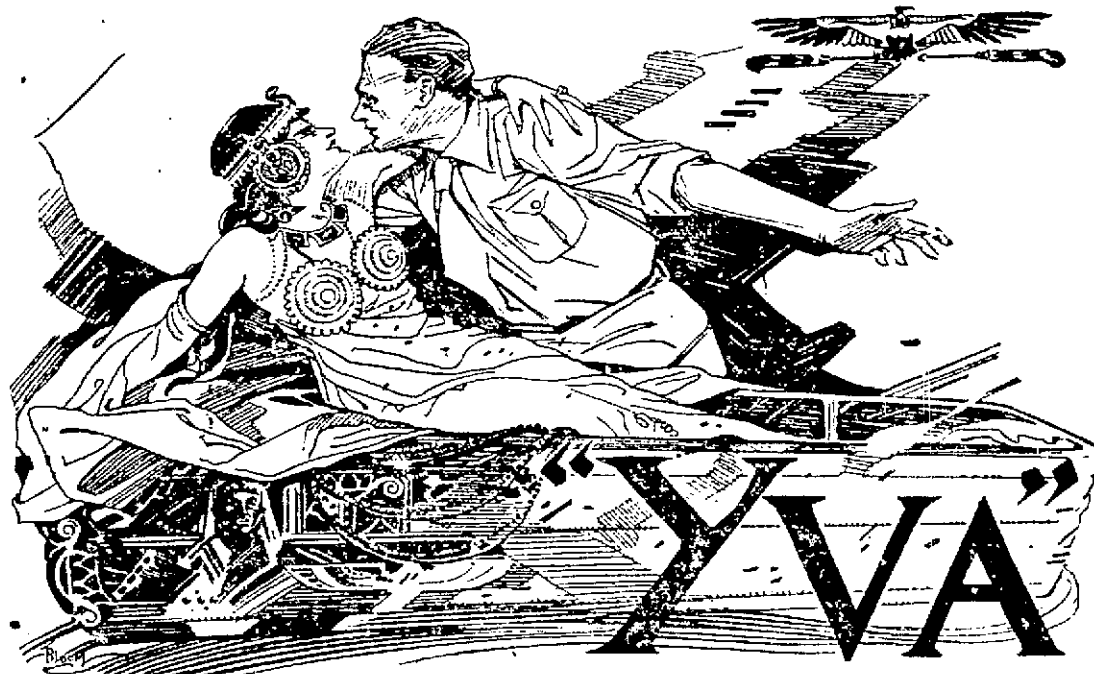
Mrs. Palmer Hamilton and Miss Estelle Cooper visited in Beloit Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. R. S. Maxwell and Mrs. Daniels, who have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. W. S. Northway, left for their home at Denver, Col., today. Mrs. Northway accompanied them to Chicago to visit over night.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Barnfield of Lake Geneva spent part of last week with their cousin, Mrs. Nettie Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Nitz and baby son of Janesville were guests last week end of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Nitz.

E. W. Herron was a business visitor at Janesville on Wednesday. Gilman Nelson spent last Sunday at his home in Orfordville.

Should Be Hardened. Sappleigh—"It's an awful thing to realize that you've made an egregious ass of yourself." Miss Keen—"Haven't you got used to it yet?"



(Pronounced E-YA)

"In the luminous crystal casket the sleeper stirred. The eyes opened. For a while she looked at me. Then suddenly, for the first time moving her arms, she lifted them and threw them around my neck. I remained immovable—fighting a wild impulse to kiss her on the lips, as one would an awakening and beloved woman."

—From H. Rider Haggard's New Story—"Yva."

H. Rider Haggard

Has just written the strangest, weirdest novel of his life—a masterpiece of the imagination, thrilling with enticing romance, adventure, love and mystery. It is

Greater Than "SHE"

Breathing all the weird atmosphere that made his "She" unique in the world

READ ABOUT

The Altar of Fate and How the Wonder Woman Gave Herself There to Love.

The "Glittering Lady" in Her Crystal Casket and the Weird Powers She Wielded.

The Spinning Mountain at Earth's Core That Keeps the Poles in Place.

of books, it also has the greater mastery of his maturer years.

It is the masterpiece of this great dreamer of strange tales.

This \$50,000 book will appear exclusively in the big Super-Sunday Chicago Examiner and will be illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy and Edmund Frederick. It is a book that hundreds of thousands of people will look forward to. It begins in

READ ABOUT

The Shaft of Terror and the Rock That Floated on the Blasts from the Pit.

The Golden Air-planes of the Flying Men Who Died 250,000 Years Ago.

The Water of Life in the City of Fate That Was Built When Earth Was Young.

This Sunday's Chicago Examiner

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Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be proof.

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Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.



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Made to order. Why pay more?

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(Square Deal)



We Have Your Order

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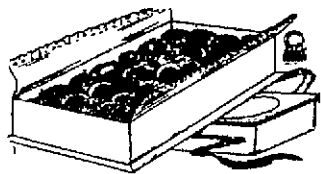
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GEO. E. FATZINGER
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JANESVILLE, WIS.

You Are As Strong As Your Spine

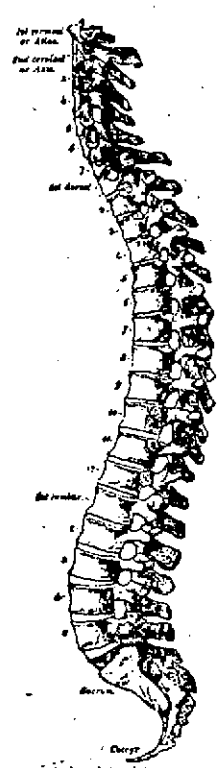
Nerves regulate and control every action and function of the body. They pass out from the spinal cord through openings in the spine and go to all parts named below, and numbered to correspond with number on picture of spine.

Disease of any of these parts may be caused by nerves impinged at the spine by displaced vertebrae.

CHIROPRACTIC

GIVEN
THE
DEVINE WAY
MAKES YOU
WELL
KEEPS YOU
STRONG
AND
PREVENTS YOU
FROM
GETTING SICK
TRY IT AND
GET WELL

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1 BRAIN | 2 EYES |
| 3 NOSE | 4 EARS |
| 5 MOUTH | 6 THROAT |
| 7 ARMS | 8 LUNGS |
| 9 HEART | 10 Stomach |
| 11 LIVER | 12 Pancreas |
| 1 SPLEEN | 2 SMALL INTESTINES |
| 3 KIDNEYS & BLADDER | 4 COLON AND APPENDIX |
| 5 GENITAL ORGANS | 6 THIGHS AND LEGS |



EVERY
BONE
OUT
OF
LINE
WEAKENS
YOUR
SPINE
AND
CAUSES
DISEASE
BY
IMPINGING
NERVES.



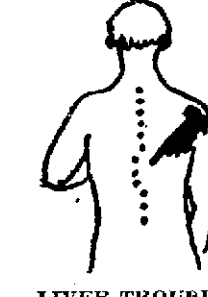
HEART TROUBLE
GOITRE
Devine adjustments remove the cause and nature makes you well.



BRONCHITIS
Adjustments correct this subluxations.



WEAK EYES
Must wear glasses. Devine adjustments will correct the trouble.

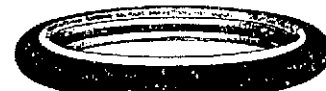


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and all its attendant ills. Adjustments bring the bones into line.

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OUR SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK

A Sewing or
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Special Price, \$2.22
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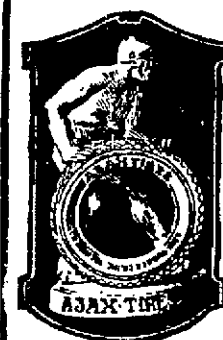
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Everything
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THAT BURN ALL THE KER-
OSENE

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THERE are more lives being lost yearly thru preventable diseases than there are being killed in the great world war, but because there is less publicity about the scourge of Tuberculosis, Cancer, Heart Disease, Kidney Disease, Infantile Paralysis, Fevers, etc., etc., we do not become alarmed at their fearful toll. Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children die needlessly every year thru carelessness. Every one of the diseases named above are amenable to Chiropractic Adjustments if properly given and the disease has not progressed too far.

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